

P. o. angl.

368

y





m

pro angl. 368<sup>y</sup>

Bell. Lett. Angl.

~~p. 169~~

<36607625230011



<36607625230011

B



*m*  
M a c b e t h

Tragedy

By

S h a k e s p e a r e

with

german notes

by

D. J o h n C h r i s t i a n F i c k.

---

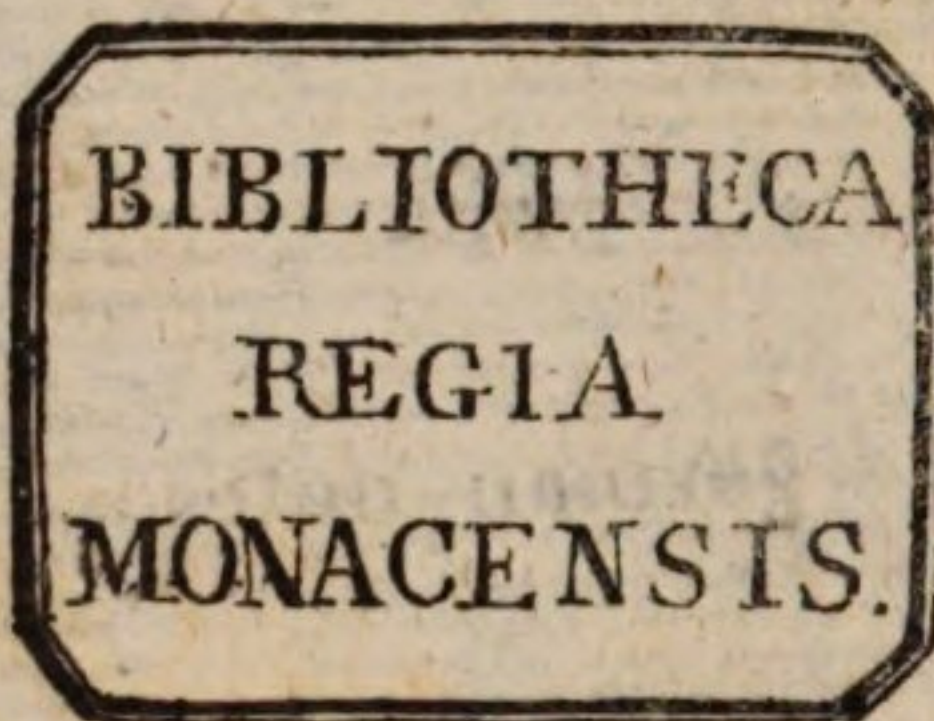
Erlangen

Printed for C. G. F. Breuning

1 8 1 2.

13







---

# M a c b e t h.

---

## Act. I.

### Scene I.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet  
again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's <sup>1)</sup> done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1 *Witch.* I come, *Grimalkin* <sup>2)</sup>. —

*All.* *Podocke* calls — anon!

1) Lerm, Geräusch, auf die Schlacht sich beziehend.

2) Noch in manchen Gegenden herrscht der Aberglaube, daß sich die Hexen in allerlei Thiere verwandeln könnten; besonders in Katzen und Kröten; daher die beiden Namen *Grimalkin* und *Podocke* (besser *Paddock*), welches erste eine alte Katze, und auch altes graues Mütterchen, und das zweite eine Kröte oder grossen Frosch bezeichnet.



Fair is foul, and foul is fair 3);  
 Hover through the fog and filthy air.  
*Exeunt.*

Scene II. B M

*Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
 Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a  
 bleeding Captain.*

*King.* What bloody man is that? he can  
 report,  
 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
 The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the serjeant,  
 Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
 Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,  
 As thou didst leave it.

*Cap.* Doubtful it stood:  
 As two spent swimmers that do cling together,  
 And choak <sup>1)</sup> their art: the merciless *Macdonel*,  
 (Worthy to be a Rebel; for, to That  
 The multiplying villainies of nature  
 Do swarm <sup>2)</sup> upon him) from the western isles  
 Of *Kernes* <sup>3)</sup> and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd

3) Hier muß man sich dazu denken: Für uns als Hexen, die wir verkehrt und boshaft sind.

1) Ersticken, unterdrücken; wenn sich nämlich zwei Schwimmer an einander hängen, so wird jeder in der Ausübung seiner Kunst gehindert.

2) Sie drängen sich auf ihn, wie ein Bienenschwarm.

3) Kernes, Kerni, waren leichtes Fußvolk, (*pedites levioris*) so wie die Gallow-glasses Fußvolk mit schweren Rüstungen, Panzern etc. (*pedites gravioris armaturae* v. *Waræi antiq.* Uiber. cap. 6.



And Fortune, on his damned quarry 4) smiling,  
 Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:  
 For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smoak'd with bloody execution,  
 Like Valour's minion, carved out his passage 5),  
 'Till he fac'd the slave;  
 Who ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to him  
 'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the  
 chops 6),  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*King.* Oh, valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

*Cap.* As whence the sun 'gins 7) his reflexion,  
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd  
 to come,  
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of *Scotland*,  
 mark;  
 No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,  
 Compell'd these skipping 8) *Kernes* to trust  
 their heels;  
 But the *Norweyan* lord 9), surveying 'van-  
 tage 10),

4) Bedeutet nach dem weidmännischen Ausdruck, Wildbrett. Dr. Johnson liest quarrel (Streit), hier so viel als Sache.

5) Hieb sich seinen Weg aus — bahnte sich seinen Weg.

6) Vom Wirbel bis zum Kinn.

7) 'gins für begins.

8) Bezieht sich auf ihre leichte Bewaffnung.

9) Der Norwegische Herrscher, der damalige König Sueno.

10) 'vantage für advantage.



With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

*King.* Dismay'd not this  
Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

*Cap.* Yes,  
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion:  
If I say sooth, I must report, they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except <sup>11)</sup> they meant to bathe in reeking  
wounds,

Or memorize another *Golgotha*,  
I cannot tell —  
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. —

*King.* So well thy words become thee,  
as thy wounds:  
They smack of honour both. Go, get him  
surgeons.

*Enter Rosse.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy *Thane* <sup>12)</sup> of *Rosse*.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes?  
So should he look, that seems to speak things  
strange.

*Rosse.* God save the King!

*King.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

*Rosse.* From *Fife*, great King;  
Where the *Norwegian* banners flout the sky,

11) Wenn nicht.

12) Edelmann, Lord, Herr, Besitzer eines Landstrichs, Gutes mit vielen Vorzügen; auch ehemals der Titel eines königl. Beamten — daher *Thane - lands*, Ländereien, die von den Sächsischen Königen ihrem Adel durch Freiheitsbriefe gegeben waren.



And fan our people cold.  
*Norway*, himself, with terrible number;  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
 The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismal conflict;  
 'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof <sup>13)</sup>  
 Confronted him with self-comparisons <sup>14)</sup>,  
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude  
 The victory fell on us.

*King.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* Now *Sveno*, *Norway's* King, craves composition;  
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
 'Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colme's* inch <sup>15)</sup>,  
 Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

*King.* No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor*  
 shall deceive  
 Our bosom-interest. Go, pronounce his death;  
 And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*King.* What he hath lost, noble *Mac-*  
*beth* hath won.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene III.

*Thunder.* Enter the three *Witches*.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

13) Wörtlich: in Probe gewickelt; hinlänglich erprobt.

14) Zeigte, daß er ihm gewachsen war.

15) Diese Insel heißt jetzt Inchcomb, wie mehrere solche kleine Inseln in schottischen Seen die Silbe Inch vorgesetzt haben, weil dieselbe das alte Schottische Wort für Insel war.



3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in  
her lap,  
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht.  
Give me, quoth I.  
Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon <sup>1)</sup>  
cries.

Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone; master o' the  
*Tyger*:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do — I'll do — and I'll do.

1 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

2 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other.  
And the very points they blow;  
All the quarters that they know,  
In th' shipman's card —  
I will drain him dry as hay;  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid <sup>2)</sup>;  
He shall live a man forbid <sup>3)</sup>;  
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine <sup>4)</sup>;

1) Die dicke Quatschel, Dirne.

2) Auch Pentice, Wetterdach — Lid, Deckel.

3) Anstatt Forbidden — hier die alte Bedeutung verflucht, aus dem ehemaligen päpstlichen Bann hergenommen, wo es verboten war, einem mit dem Bannstrahle Belegten Feuer und Wasser zu reichen.

4) Man glaubte (und glaubt es in einigen Gegenden noch), daß dieses Behexen vermittelst einer Wachfigur bewirkt werde, welche die zum langsamen Abzehren bestimmte Person vorstellt.



Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost,  
Look, what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb;  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

(*Drum within.*)

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!  
*Macbeth* doth come!

*All.* The weird 5) sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about,  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again to make up nine.  
Peace! — the charm's wound up 6).

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to *Foris*? —

What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't! Live you, or are you aught  
That man may question! You seem to understand me,  
By each at one her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips; — You should be women;  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee,  
Thane of Glamis!

5) Behext.

6) Die Zauberei ist vollbracht.



2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee,  
Thane of *Cawdor*!

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth*! that shalt  
be *King* hereafter.

*Banq.* Good Sir, why do you start, and  
seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of  
truth,

(*To the (Witches)* Are ye fantastical?), or  
that indeed

Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner<sup>8)</sup>

You greet with present grace, and great pre-  
diction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak  
not;

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say, which grain will grow, and which  
will not;

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though  
thou be none;

So, all-hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*!

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell  
me more;

7) Geschöpfe der Phantasie — Werden wir ge-  
täuscht durch Trugbilder der Phantasie?

8) Kriegsgefährte.



By *Sinel's* 9) death, I know, I am *Thane* of  
*Glamis*;

But how of *Cawdor*? the *Thane* of *Cawdor*  
lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from

whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,  
With such prophetick greeting? — speak, I  
charge you.

(*Witches vanish.*)

[*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the  
water has;  
And these are of them; whither are they va-  
nish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air, and what seem'd  
corporal,  
Melted, as breath into the wind. —  
Would they had staid!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do  
speak about?  
Or have we eaten of the insane root 10),  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be Kings.

*Ban.* You shall be King.

*Macb.* And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went 11)  
it not so?

9) War Macbeth's Vater.

10) Tollwurz. In Holinshed lesen wir, daß  
Duncan den Dänen Wein schickte, in welchen  
Beeren von schlafmachender Eigenschaft gemischt  
waren, und sie damit mordete.

11) Gieng — lautete.



*Ban.* To the self-same tune, and words;  
who's here?

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

*Rosse.* The King hath happily receiv'd;  
*Macbeth,*

The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which would be thine, or his. Silenc'd  
with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale <sup>12)</sup>,  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence:  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
Only to herald <sup>13)</sup> thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater  
honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of  
*Cawdor*:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives; why  
do you dress me  
In borrow'd robes?

*Ang.* Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;

12) Posten kamen so geschwind an, als sie gezählt werden konnten.

13) Als Herold zu bringen.



But under heavy judgment bears that life,  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line<sup>14)</sup> the rebel  
With hidden help and 'vantage, or that with  
both

He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know  
not:

But treasons capital, confess'd, and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* (*Aside*) *Glamis*, and *Thane* of  
*Cawdor*!

The greatest is behind. — Thanks for your  
pains. (*To Banquo*).

Do you not hope; your children shall be Kings?  
When those, that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor*  
to me,

Promis'd no less to them?

*Ban.* That trusted home<sup>15)</sup>,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* To himself two truths are told.  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. (*To Rosse and Angus*)

I thank you, gentlemen —  
(*To himself*) this supernatural solliciting<sup>16)</sup>  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. — If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,

14) Nach einander unterstützen.

15) Dieses starke Vertrauen.

16) Aufforderung, Reitz.



Commencing in a truth? I am *Thane of Cawdor*.

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise <sup>17)</sup> and nothing is,  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt!

*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why,  
Chance may crown me (*Aside.*)  
Without my stir <sup>18)</sup>.

*Ban.* New honours, come upon him.  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to  
their mould <sup>19)</sup>

But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* (*Aside*) Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest  
day.

*Ban. to Macbeth.* Worthy *Macbeth*, we  
stay upon your leisure.

17) Wörtlich: Mein Gedanke, dessen Mord nur noch phantastisch ist, erschüttert so meinen einzelnen Zustand des Menschen, daß die Lebensthätigkeit in der Einbildung erstickt wird, und (etwas anderes) für mich nichts ist, was nicht ist. Sinn: Der bis jetzt nur im Bilde vorhandene Gedanke an Mord erschüttert mich so sehr, daß jede andere Lebenskraft in der Einbildung erstickt wird, und für mich nichts da ist, als was noch nicht da ist.

18) Bemühung.

19) Passen nicht zu ihrer Form.



*Macb.* Give me your favour: my dull  
brain was wrought <sup>20</sup>),  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your  
pains  
Are registred where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. — Let us toward the  
King;

(*To Banquo*) Think, upon what hath chanc'd;  
and at more time,  
(*The interim* having weigh'd it,) let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* 'Till then enough: come, friends.  
*Exeunt.*

#### Scene IV.

*Flourish.* Enter King, Malcolm, Donal-  
bain, Lenox and Attendants.

*King.* Is execution done on *Cawdor*? Are  
not

Those in commission <sup>1</sup>) yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report,  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;  
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance; nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,  
As one, that had been studied in his death <sup>2</sup>),  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,

20) oder worked, bewegt.

1) Die damit Beauftragten.

2) Der in der Kunst zu sterben unterrichtet wor-  
den war.



As 'twere a careless trifle 3).

*King.* There's no art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman, on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse,  
and Angus.*

O worthiest Cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less  
deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and pay-  
ment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due, even more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne, and state, children and  
servants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing  
every thing

Fief'd tow'rd your love and honour 4).

*King.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*

3) Offenbar spielt hier Shakespeare auf des Grafen Essex Tod an, dessen Ende der hier gegebenen Beschreibung so genau entspricht.

4) Durch Lebenspflicht euerer Liebe und Ehre verpfändet. Mehrere Ausgaben lesen anstatt Fief'd, Safe, welches aber keinen guten Sinn giebt.



Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known  
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*King.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, *Thanes*,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter

The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour must,  
Not unaccompanied, invest him only;  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. — Hence to *Inverness*,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not  
us'd for you;  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

*King.* My worthy *Cawdor*!

*Macb.* (*Aside*) The Prince of *Cumberland*!  
— that is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to  
see. (*Exit.*

*King.* True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full  
so valiant;  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;  
It is a peerless Kinsman. (*Flourish. Exeunt.*



## Scene V.

*Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report <sup>1)</sup>; they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood wrapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time, with, hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor — and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd <sup>2)</sup>. Yet do I fear  
thy nature;  
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be  
great,  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou  
wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily <sup>3)</sup>; wouldst not  
play false,*

1) Nach dem besten Unterricht.

2) Was dir verheissen ist.

3) Heilig, auf eine rechtliche Weise.



And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,  
 That which cries, "thus thou must do, if  
 thou have it;  
 „And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
 „Then wishest should be undone." Hie thee  
 hither,  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
 And chastise <sup>4)</sup> with the valour of my tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
 Which fate and metaphysical <sup>5)</sup> aid doth seem  
 To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

*Mes.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady.* Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mes.* So please you, it is true: our *Tha-*  
*ne* is coming,

One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely  
 more

Than would make up his message.

*Lady.* Give him tending;

He brings great news. The raven himself is  
 hoarse, (*Exit. Mes.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*  
 Under my battlements <sup>6)</sup>. Come, you spirits

4) Zurechtweise, zu Boden schlage.

5) Uebernatürlich.

6) Der Bote, sagt der Bediente, hatte kaum noch  
 Athem, seine Bothschaft auszurichten etc. Hier-



That tend on mortal 7) thoughts, unsex 8)  
me here;

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace 9)  
between

The effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring  
ministers!

Wherever in your sightless 10) substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! — Come,  
thick night!

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it  
makes;

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the  
dark,

To cry, *hold, hold* 11)! —

auf antwortet die Lady figürlich, daß ihm gar wohl der Athem fehlen könne: denn eine solche Botschaft würde selbst den Raben noch heiserer machen; selbst der Vogel, dessen heisere Stimme gewöhnlich Unglück verkünde, könnte den Eintritt Duncans nicht anders ankrächzen, als in ungewöhnlich heisern Tönen.

7) Tödlich.

8) Entschlechten, umwandeln.

9) Und ihn verhindern, zur That zu werden.

10) Unsichtbar.

11) Steevens sagt: der Gedanke ist aus den alten Militärgesetzen genommen, welche Todesstrafe über denjenigen aussprachen, welcher seinem Gegner noch einen Streich versetzte, wenn ein Dritter Halt! rief; ausgenommen wenn sie



—

*Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

(*Embracing him.*)

Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter! <sup>1 2)</sup>

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present time, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

*Macb.* Dearest love,

*Duncan* comes here to-night

*Lady.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow as he purposes.

*Lady.* Oh, never

Shall sun that morrow see! —

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where  
men

May read strange matters. To beguile the  
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue; look like the inno-  
cent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,

Must be provided for; and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch <sup>1 3)</sup>

Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We shall speak further.

in einem eingeschlossenen Platze im Zweikampf  
begriffen wären, dann sollte Niemand so dreist  
seyn, Halt zu gebieten, ausgenommen der Ge-  
neral.

12) Durch das alles Heil dereinst.

13) Lady Macbeth sagt ihrem Mann, dafs er für  
die gute Aufnahme und Bewirthung des kom-  
menden Gastes sorgen soll, sie aber wolle das  
grosse Geschäft der Nacht über sich nehmen.



*Lady.* Only look up clear:  
To alter favour <sup>14)</sup> ever, is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene VI.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

*King.* This castle hath a pleasant seat;  
the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle <sup>1)</sup> senses.  
*Ban.* This guest of summer.  
The temple haunting martlet, does approve  
By his lov'd mansionry that heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here. No jutty frieze.  
Buttrefs, nor coigne of' vantage <sup>2)</sup>, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant  
cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have  
observ'd,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady.*

*King.* See, see! our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us, sometime is our  
trouble  
Which still we thank as love <sup>3)</sup>. Herein I  
teach you,

14) Gesichtsbildung, Miene.

1) Ruhig.

2) Vortheilhaft heraus stehender Theil.

3) Als Liebe: Weil es Liebe ist.



How you should bid god-yeild 4) us for your  
pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady.* All our service,

In every point twice done, and then done  
double,

Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad, whe-  
rewith

Your Majesty loads our house. For those  
of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,

We rest your hermits 5).

*King.* Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?

We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose

To be his purveyor: but he rides well;

And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath  
help him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to - night.

*Lady.* Your servants ever

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs  
in compt 6),

To make their audit at your highness pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*King.* Give me your hand;

Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,

And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess. (*Exeunt.*)

4) Belohnen.

5) Bleiben wir eure Eremiten: Wir als arme  
Clausner können unsern Dank blos durch Gebet  
abstatten.

6) Stewens liest: and what in theirs, is  
compt.



## Scene VII.

*Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers servants with dishes and service over the stage.*

*Then Macbeth (solus).*

*Macb.* If it were *done*, when 'tis done,  
then 'twere well <sup>1)</sup>

It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With its surcease success <sup>2)</sup>; that but this blow  
Might be the Be-all and the End-all *Here*;  
But *here*, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in  
these cases,

We still have judgment *here*; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
return

To plague the inventor: This even-handed  
Justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed! then, as his host,  
Who should against his murd'rer shut the  
door,

1) Sinn. Wenn dasjenige, was ich thun will,  
wenn es einmal gethan ist, gethan wäre, (und  
endigte ohne einige folgende Wirkungen) so  
würde es am besten seyn, es geschwind zu  
thun.

„Wäre es auch abgethan, wenn es gethan ist,  
Dann wäre es gut, es würde rasch gethan!,,  
(Schiller.)

2) Wenn der Mord in sich selbst enden, den  
regelmässigen Lauf von Folgen zurück halten,  
und sein Gelingen den Stillstand sichern könnte



Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this  
*Duncan*

Hath borne his faculties 3) so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd,  
 against

The deep damnation of his taking off:  
 And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast 4) or heavens cherubin,  
 hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye:  
 That tears 5) shall drown the wind. — I have  
 no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on the other —

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

How now? what news?

*Lady.* He has almost supp'd; why have  
 you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he asked for me?

*Lady.* Know you not he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no farther in  
 this business.

He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest  
 glos,

3) Amt, Ausübung der Macht.

4) Beschreitend den Windstoß — in der Luft  
 erscheinend.

5) Spielt auf das Nachlassen des Windes bei einem  
 Regengusse an.



Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept  
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? from this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? would'st thou have that,  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem?  
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage <sup>6)</sup>.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man:  
Who dares do more, is none.

*Lady.* What beast was it then,  
That made you break this enterprize to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man:  
And, to be more than what you were, you  
would

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor  
place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their  
fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and  
know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn  
As you have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail! —

6) Die Katze wünscht Fische, will aber die Pfoten nicht nass machen.



*Lady.* We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard  
journey

Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains,  
Will I with wine and wassel <sup>7)</sup> so convince,  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck <sup>8)</sup> only. When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon  
His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell <sup>9)</sup>?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd  
When we have mark'd with blood those  
sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very  
daggers,

That they have don't?

*Lady.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feast.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart  
doth know. (*Exeunt.*)

7) Uebermäßigkeit, Ausschweifung im Trinken.

8) Ein Distillirkolben — ein Gefäß, um Dämpfe  
auszulassen.

9) Mord — daher Manquellers, Mörder.



## Act. II.

## Scene I.

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 'tis later, Sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,  
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep; merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts<sup>1)</sup>, that  
nature  
Gives way to in repose!

*Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword: who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, Sir, not yet at rest? the  
king's a-bed,  
He hath been in unusual pleasure,  
Sent forth great largesse to your officers;

1) Banquo war in einem Traum aufgefordert worden, etwas zu Folge der Prophezeiung der Hexen zu thun, worüber seine wachenden Sinnen erschüttern. Hierdurch setzt Shakespeare Banquo's Karakter mit dem des Macbeth in schönen Kontrast.



This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have shew'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them;  
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that  
business,

If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure,

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my con-  
sent<sup>2</sup>) when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you,

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, Sir, the like to you.

(*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*)

*Macb.* To his servant go, bid thy mistress,  
when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

(*Exit. Serv. Macbeth*) (solus.)

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
'The handle toward my hand? come, let me  
clutch thee!

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

2) Wenn ihr mein Beginnen unterstützt,



A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
 I see thee yet in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw. — —  
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
 senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest <sup>3)</sup> — I see thee still;  
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon <sup>4)</sup>, gouts of  
 blood,  
 Which was not so before. — There's no such  
 thing. —  
 It is the bloody business, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one  
 half world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep <sup>5)</sup>; now witchcraft ce-  
 lebrates  
 Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and wither'd Murther,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his steal-  
 thy pace,  
 With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides <sup>6)</sup>, tow'rd  
 his design  
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-  
 set earth,

3) Oder mehr Werth als sie alle.

4) Handgriff, Hest.

5) Wahrscheinlich schrieb Shakespeare: The cur-  
tain'd sleeper.

6) Mit großen Schritten, um voraus zu fühlen,  
ob wir sicher auftreten können oder nicht, und  
damit der Ton der Fußstritte so selten als mög-  
lich wiederholt werde.



Hear not my steps which way they walk,  
for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror 7) from the time,  
Which now suits with it. — While I threat,  
he lives —

(*A bell rings.*)

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath  
gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;  
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.  
(*Exit.*)

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* That which hath made them drunk,  
hath made me bold;  
What hath quench'd them, hath given me  
fire. Hark! peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-  
man,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. — He  
is about it —  
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms 8)  
Do mock their charge with snores. I've  
drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

7) Schrecken. d. i. Stille. Damit nicht das Geräusch der Steine von dieser Mitternacht den gegenwärtigen Schrecken hinwegnehme, welcher so ganz zu dem paßt, was in ihr vorgenommen werden soll.

8) Kammerherrn.



*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* (*within*) Who's there? what,  
ho? —

*Lady.* Alack! I am afraid, they have  
awak'd,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the  
deed,

Confounds us: — hark! — I laid their dag-  
gers ready,  
He could not miss 'em — Had he not re-  
sembled

My father as he slept, I had don't — My  
husband!

*Macb.* I've done the deed — didst thou  
not hear a noise?

*Lady.* I heard the owl scream, and the  
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark! — who lies i' the second  
chamber?

*Lady.* *Donalbain.*

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

(*Looks on his hands.*)

*Lady.* A foolish thought, to say, a sor-  
ry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep,  
and one cry'd, murther!  
'That they did wake each other; I stood and  
heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd  
them

Again to sleep.



*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cry'd, *God blefs us!* and,  
*Amen*, the other;  
As 9) they had seen me with these hangman's  
hands,

Listening their fear. I could not say, *Amen*,  
When they did say, *God blefs us*.

*Lady.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pro-  
nounce *Amen*;  
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady.* These deeds must nost be thought,  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry,  
*sleep no more!*

*Macbeth doth murder sleep*, the innocent sleep;  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve <sup>10)</sup> of  
care,

The death <sup>11)</sup> of each day's life, sore labour's  
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second  
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast. —

*Lady.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cry'd, *sleep no more*, to all  
the house;

*Glamis hath murther'd sleep*; and therefore  
*Cawdor*

Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep  
no more!

9) Als wenn.

10) Der den verworrenen Knäul der Sorgen ent-  
wickelt.

11) Warburton liest: birth.



*Lady.* Who was it, that thus cry'd?  
 why, worthy *Thane*  
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
 So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,  
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
 Why did you bring these daggers from the  
 place?

They must lie there. Go, carry them, and  
 smear  
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more;  
 I'm afraid to think what I have done;  
 Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady.* Infirm of purpose!  
 Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead  
 Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,  
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
 For it must seem their guilt. (*Exit.*)

*Knocks within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking? (*Start-  
 ing.*)

How is it with me, when every noise ap-  
 pals me?

What hands are here? hah! they pluck out  
 mine eyes.

Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood  
 Clean from my hand? no; this my hand  
 will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
 Making the green, One red —

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* My hands are of your colour; but  
 I shame



To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking  
(*Knock.*)

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;  
A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then? your constancy

Hath left you unattended. — Hark! more knocking:  
(*Knock.*)

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, — 'twere best  
not know myself.

Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking: I would  
thou couldst! (*Exeunt.*)

### Scene III.

*Enter a Porter.* (*Knocking within.*)

*Por.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man  
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old  
turning the key. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock,  
knock. Who's there, i' th' name of *Belze-  
bub*? Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on  
the expectation of plenty: come in time; have  
napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat  
for't. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock. Who's there,  
in th' other devil's name? 'faith, here's an  
equivocator <sup>1</sup>), that could swear in both the  
scales against either scale; who committed  
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not  
equivocate to heav'n: oh come in, equivocator.

1) Ein zweideutiger Redner. Shakespeare meint  
hiermit einen Jesuiten, dessen Orden zu den  
Zeiten der Elisabeth und Jakobs I. so viele Un-  
ruhen verursachte.



(*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an *English* taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* hose <sup>2)</sup>: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further <sup>3)</sup>: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (*Knock.*) Anon, anon; I pray you remember the porter.

*Enter Macduff, and Lenox.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you  
went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*Port.* 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till  
the second cock: And drink, Sir, is a great  
provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things doth drink  
especially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep,  
and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and  
unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it  
takes away the performance. Therefore much  
drink may be said to be an equivocator with  
lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it  
sets him on, and it takes him off; it persua-  
des him, and disheartens him; makes him stand  
to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivo-

2) Die französische Hose war 1595 sehr Mode; sie war groß und weit, reichte aber nur bis zum Knie. In manchen Gegenden der Schweiz sieht man diese Tracht noch jetzt.

5) Ich will des Teufels Thürhüter nicht mehr seyn.



cates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, Sir, i' the very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him 4).

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring? —  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good-morrow, noble Sir!

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both!

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy *Thane*?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him?

I've almost slipt the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you:

But yet, 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour, we delight in, physics pain.

This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited 5) service. (*Exit. Macduff.*

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.

4) To cast him up, meinen Magen von ihm zu erleichtern.

5) Beschränkt, bestimmt.



*Len.* The night has been unruly; where  
 we lay,  
 Our chimneys were blown down: and, as  
 they say,  
 Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams  
 of death;  
 And prophesying, with accents terrible  
 Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,  
 New hatch'd <sup>6)</sup> to the woeful time:  
 The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.  
 Some say, the earth was feverous, and did  
 shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot pa-  
 rallel

A fellow to it.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Ton-  
 gue nor heart  
 Cannot conceive, nor name thee.

*Macb. and Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confussion now hath made his  
 master-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
 The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is't you say; the life? —

*Len.* Mean you his Majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and de-  
 stroy your sight  
 With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me speak;

6) Prophezeiung ist neu ausgebrütet, sie ist hier  
 das Ei, die Begebenheiten sind die Frucht da-  
 von.



See, and then speak yourselves: — Awake!  
 awake! (*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*  
 Ring the alarum bell: — Murther! and reason!  
*Banquo* and *Donalbain*! *Malcolm*! awake!  
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
 And look on death itself — up, up, and see  
 The great doom's 7) image! — *Malcolm*!  
*Banquo*!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like  
 sprights,  
 To countenance this horror! — Ring the bell.

*Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* What's the business,  
 That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley  
 The sleepers of the house? Speak., speak —

*Macd.* O gentle lady,  
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
 The repetition in a woman's ear  
 Would murder as it fell — O *Banquo, Banquo*!

*Enter Banquo.*

Our royal master's murder'd.

*Lady.* Woe, alas!  
 What, in our house? —

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where. —  
 Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
 And say it is not so.

*Re-enter Macbeth, and Lenox.*

*Macb.* Had I but dy'd an hour before  
 this chance,  
 I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,

7) Des grossen Weltgerichts Ebenbild.







Unmannerly breech'd 8) with gore: who could  
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make his love known?

*Lady.* Help me hence, ho! —

*(Seeming to faint.)*

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,  
May rush and seize us? Let's away, our tears  
Are not yet brew'd,

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady; (*Lady Macbeth  
is carried out.*)

And when we have our naked frailties hid 9),  
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples  
shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macb.* So do I.

*All.* So, all.

8) Frech überzogen mit Blut. Johnson liest: Un-  
manly drench'd; Warburton: reech'd. Al-  
lein auch unsere Leseart giebt folgenden guten  
Sinn: ihre Dolche frech bemalt mit Blut bis  
zu ihren Griffen (breeches). Der hintere Theil  
einer Kanone heisst breech.

9) Es bezieht sich darauf, dafs die meisten aus  
dem Schlafe unangekleidet durch den Lärm ge-  
weckt wurden.



*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented. (*Exeunt.*)

*Mal. Malcolm. Donalbain.* What will you do? let's not consort with them:  
To shew unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to *England*.

*Don.* To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in  
blood,

The nearer bloody.

*Malc.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted <sup>10)</sup>; and our safest way  
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy  
left. (*Exeunt.*)

#### Scene IV.

*Enter Rosse, with an old man.*

*Old Man.* Threescore and ten I can remember well;  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this  
sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings <sup>1)</sup>.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with  
man's act,

10) Ist noch nicht zur Erde gefallen.

1) Schiller: „Doch diese Schreckensnacht hat  
all mein vorig Wissen zum Kinderspiel gemacht.“



And yet dark night strangles the travelling  
lamp;

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday  
last,

*Rosse.* And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing  
most strange and certain!)

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,  
flung out,

*Old M.* 'Tis said, they eat each other.

'That look'd upon't.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Macd.* Those, that *Macbeth* hath slain;

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd;



**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

**THE**

(*Exeunt.*)



Act. III.

Scene I.

*Enter Banquo (solus).*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor,  
Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promis'd; and I fear,  
Thou playd'st most foully for't: yet it was  
said,

It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root, and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from  
                                them,  
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches  
                                shine<sup>1</sup>)

Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush, no more,

*Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King,  
Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse,  
Lords and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast;  
And all things unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn sup-  
per, Sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Lay your highness' Command upon me; to the which my duties

1) Glänzen — mit allem Glanz von klarer Wahr-  
heit.



Are with a most indissoluble tye  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride <sup>2)</sup> you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd  
Your good advice (which still hath been both  
grave

And prosperous) in this day's council; but  
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the  
time

'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the  
better,

I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour, or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear our bloody cousins are  
bestow'd

In *England* and in *Ireland*; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention; but of that to-mor-  
row,

When, therewithal, we shall have cause of  
state,

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,  
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with  
you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord; our time does  
call upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift; and  
sure of foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel. — (*Exit Banquo.*)

Let every man be master of his time

2) Verreiset Ihr?



Till seven at night; to make society  
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
 'Till supper time alone; till then, God be  
 with you.

(*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*)

*Manent Macbeth, and a servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
 Our pleasure?

*Ser.* They are, my lord, without the  
 palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us — To be  
 thus, is nothing; (*Exit Servant.*)

But to be safely thus — Our fears in *Banquo*  
 Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
 Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis  
 much he dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind  
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
 To act in safety. There is none but he,  
 Whose being I do fear, and under him,  
 My genius is rebuk'd<sup>3)</sup>; as, it is said,  
*Mark Anthony's* was by *Caesar*. He chid  
 the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,  
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
 'They hail'd him father to a line of kings;  
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal<sup>4)</sup> hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,  
 For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind:  
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd,

3) Mein Geist wird gezüchtigt.

4) Nicht von der Linie abstammend, fremd.



Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them: and mine eternal jewel  
 Giv'n to the common enemy of man,  
 To make them kings, the seed of *Banquo* kings:  
 Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,  
 And champion me to the utterance ')! —  
 who's there?

*Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.*

Go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.  
*(Exit servant.)*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? know,  
 'That it was he, in the times past, which  
 held you

So under fortune; which, you thought had  
 been

Our innocent self; this I made good to you  
 In our last conference, past in probation with  
 you:

How you were born in hand '6), how crost;  
 the instruments

Who wrought with them: and all things else,  
 that might

'To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,  
 Say, *thus did Banquo.*

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which  
 is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find

5) Bis aufs Aeusserste.

„Eher komme du, Verhängniss, in die Schranken,  
 Und laß uns kämpfen bis aufs Blut.“

6) Wie man euch täuschte.



Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? are you so gos-  
pell'd 7),

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours 8) for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mungrels, spa-  
niels, curs,  
Showghes 9), water-rugs, and demy-wolves  
are cleped

All by the name of dogs; the valued file 10)  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike, and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what

7) Fromm gemacht, Lämmerfromm — Gospel-  
ler war ein Spottname, den die Papisten den  
Tollards, den Puritanern der frühern Zeiten, gaben.

8) Und die Eurigen zu Bettlern machte.

9) Halbwölfe.

10) Die erste Race (im Gegensatz zur letzten,  
schlechten).



I do , to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tug'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Know , *Banquo* was your enemy.

*Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine : and in such bloody  
distance <sup>1 1)</sup>

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life ; and though I could  
With bare fac'd power sweep him from my  
sight,

And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,  
Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives —

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you.

Within this hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy <sup>1 2)</sup> o' the  
time,

11) In einer solchen Entfernung, als zwei von einander stehen, die sich auf Tod und Leben schlagen.

12) Mit einem wohl unterrichteten Spion der Zeit, der euch anweist, wo ihr den Banquo finden sollt. Daher stößt ein dritter Mörder auf dem Platz, wo der Mord vorgenommen werden soll, zu ihnen.



The moment on't; for't must be done to night,  
And something from the palace: always  
thought,

That I require a clearness <sup>13)</sup>: and with him,  
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)  
*Fleance* his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart,  
I'll come to you anon.

*Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight; abide  
within. (*Exeunt Murderers.*)  
It is concluded; — *Banquo*, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.

## Scene II.

*Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.*

*Lady.* Is *Banquo* gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, Madam, but returns again to  
night.

*Lady.* Say to the king I would attend  
his leisure

For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. (*Exit.*)

*Lady.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without consent:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter Macbeth.*

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

<sup>13)</sup> Damit ich von allem Verdacht rein bleibe.



Using those thoughts, which should indeed  
                                           have dy'd  
 With them they think on? Things without  
                                           all remedy  
 Should be without regard: what's done, is  
                                           done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not  
                                           kill'd it —  
 She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor  
                                           malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
 But let the frame of things disjoint,  
 Both the worlds suffer,  
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
 That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,  
 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to  
                                           peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
 In restless ecstasy <sup>1)</sup> — *Duncan* is in his grave;  
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor  
                                           poison,

Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing  
 Can touch him further!

*Lady.* Come on, gentle, my lord;  
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks: be bright, and  
                                           jovial

Among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray,  
                                           be you:

Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.  
 Present him eminence, both with eye and  
                                           tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours

<sup>1)</sup> In ruheloser Qual.



In these flattering streams, and make our faces  
Vizors t' our hearts; disguising what they  
are! —

*Lady.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind,  
dear wife!

Thou know'st, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*  
lives.

*Lady.* But in them, nature's copy's <sup>2)</sup>  
not eternal.

*Macb.* 'There's comfort yet, they are as-  
sailable;

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloyster'd flight; ere, to black *Hecate's*  
summons,

The shard-borne <sup>3)</sup> beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall  
be done

A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge,  
dearest chuck,

'Till thou applaud the deed; come, feeling <sup>4)</sup>  
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,  
Which keeps me pale! light thickens <sup>5)</sup>, and  
the crow

2) Nature's copy is not eternal — Der Pachtungs-  
brief, durch welchen sie von der Natur ihr Le-  
ben haben, enthält eine bestimmte Zeit.

3) Der Käfer in Holzrissen erzeugt.

4) Dieser Ausdruck ist aus der Falkenjagd entlehnt,  
und bedeutet: blind machend — weil man blind  
den Sinn des Gesichtes durch das Gefühl mei-  
stens ersetzt. Eine andere Leseart ist: sealing night.

5) Das Licht wird trübe.



rouze.

still ;

by ill:

(*Exeunt.*)

### Scene III.

*Enter three Murtherers.*

1. *Mur.* But who bid thee join with us <sup>1</sup>)?

3. *Mur. Macbeth.*

he delivers

To the direction just.

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses —

*Banquo within.*) Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest,

6) Und die Krähe fliegt zu dem von Dohlen wimmelnden Gehölz.

1) Dieser dritte Mörder ist der von Macbeth sogenannte perfect spy. Er hatte zwar das Lösungswort gegeben; allein der eine Mörder wollte ihm doch nicht recht trauen; doch der andere widerlegt dieses, weil er nach seiner genauen Kenntniß von dem, was sie ausführen wollten, von Macbeth geschickt seyn mußte.



That are within the note of expectation <sup>2)</sup>.  
Already are i' the court.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about <sup>3)</sup>.

3. *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,  
Make it their walk.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.*

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down.

*(They assault Banquo.)*

*Ban.* Oh, treachery!

Fly, good *Fleance*; fly, fly, fly,  
Tou may'st revenge. Oh slave!

*(Dies. Fleance escapes.)*

3. *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way <sup>4)</sup>?

3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the son  
is fled.

2. *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how  
much is done. *(Exeunt.)*

#### Scene IV.

*A banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth,  
Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and  
Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit  
down: at first,

2) In der Liste der Gäste.

3) Machen einen Umweg.

4) Das beste Mittel, Entdeckung zu vermeiden.



And last <sup>1)</sup> the hearty welcome.

*Lord.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time  
We will require her welcome. (*They sit.*)

*Lady.* Pronounce it for me. Sir, to all  
our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*Enter first Murderer, to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with  
their heart's thanks;  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.  
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round — (*To the Murderer*) There's  
blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he  
within.

Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I  
did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-  
throats; yet he's good,  
That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'st it,  
Thou art the non-pareil.

*Mur.* Most royal Sir,  
*Fleance* is 'scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had  
else been perfect;  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;  
As broad and general, as the casing air:  
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's*  
safe?

<sup>1)</sup> Dem ersten bis dem letzten.



*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch  
                                he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thank's for that!  
There the grown serpent lies: the worm  
that's fled,  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-  
morrow

We'll hear't ourselves again. (*Exit. Murderer.*)

*Lady.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the chear; the feast is sold,  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,  
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were  
best at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

(Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May't please your highness sit?

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's  
honour roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* pre-  
sent; —

Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your  
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place resery'd, Sir.

*Macb.* Where?



*Len.* Here, my lord.

What is't that move's your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou can'st not say, I did it;  
never shake

Thy goary locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is  
not well.

*Lady.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord is  
often thus,

And hath been from his youth. Pray you,  
keep seat;

The fit is momentary; on a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.  
Feed, and regard him not. — (*To Macb. as-*  
*de.*) Are you a man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare  
look on that,

Which might apall the devil.

*Lady.* (*Aside to him.*) O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear;  
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws and starts  
(Impostors to true fear), would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! —  
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there!  
Behold! look! lo! how say you?

(*To the Ghost*) Why, what care I! if thou  
canst nod, speak too. —

If charnel houses and our graves must send  
Those, that we bury, back; our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. (*Ghost vanishes.*)



*Lady.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him —

*Lady.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now,  
i'the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal <sup>2)</sup>;  
Ay, and since too, murthers have been per-  
form'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man  
would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again  
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more  
strange

Than such a murther is.

*Lady.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget: —

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and  
health to all!

Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill  
full —

I drink to the general joy of the whole table.  
*Reenter ghost.*

And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we  
miss;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we  
thirst,

And all <sup>3)</sup> to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

2) Ehe menschliche Gesetze die friedliche Gemein-  
heit säuberten.

3) Alle guten Wünsche allen.



*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! let  
the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are morrowless, thy blood is cold,  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 4),  
Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the *Hyrcean* tyger,  
'Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhibit 5), then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! (*The Ghost vanishes.*)

Why so; — being gone,  
I am a man again: pray you sit still.

*Lady.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke  
the good meeting  
With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud  
Without our special wonder? You make me  
strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe 6),  
When now I think, you can behold such  
sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?

4) Du hast nicht Kraft zu sehen in diesen Augen.

5) Wenn ichs zitternd verbiete — verweigere.

6) Du machst mich irre in meiner Meinung von  
meinem eigenen Muth etc.



*Lady.* I pray you, speak not; he grows  
worse and worse;  
Question enrages him: at once, good night!  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good-night, and better health  
Attend his Majesty!

*Lady.* Good night to all. (*Exeunt Lords.*)

*Macb.* It will have blood, they say;  
blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move, and trees  
to speak;  
Augurs 7) and understood relations, have  
By maggot-pies 8), and choughs, and rooks  
brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the  
night?

*Lady.* Almost at odds with morning,  
which is which 9).

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that *Macduff*  
denies his person,  
At our great bidding?

*Lady.* Did you send to him, Sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will  
send;  
There's not a one of them 10) but in his house  
I keep a fervant feed. I will to-morrow  
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to  
know,

7) Wahrsager.

8) Maden-Elstern — Elstern, welche von Maden leben.

9) Fast im Streit mit dem Morgen, wer die Herrschaft führen soll.

10) Er meint hiermit die Großen, die Thans.



By the worst means, the worst. For mine  
own good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious, as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady.* You lack the season of all natu-  
res, sleep <sup>11</sup>).

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep: my strange  
and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: —

[We're yet but young in deed. (*Exeunt.*)]

Scene V.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches, meeting  
*Hecate.*

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* Why, how now, *Hecat'*? you  
look angerly.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams, as you  
are,

Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare

To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,

In riddles, and affairs of death?

And I the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done,

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; get you gone,

11) Du brauchst den Schlaf, welcher würzt die  
ganze Natur.



And at the pit of *Acheron*  
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he  
 Will come, to know his destiny.  
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
 Your charms, and every thing beside:  
 I am for th' air; this night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end;  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a vaporous drop, profound <sup>1)</sup>;  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;  
 And that distill'd by magic slights <sup>2)</sup>;  
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
 As, by the strenght of their illusion,  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion;  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
 And you all know, security  
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy. (*Music and a Song.*  
 Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

(*Sing within. Come away, come away, etc.*

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll  
 soon be back again.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene VI.

*Enter Lenox and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit  
 your thoughts,  
 Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
 Things have been strangely borne. The gra-  
 cious *Duncan*

<sup>1</sup>) Ein Tropfen, welcher tiefe — verborgene Ei-  
 genschaften besitzt.

<sup>2</sup>) Künste.



Was pitied of *Macbeth*: — marry, he was dead: —  
And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if it please you, *Fleance*  
kill'd,

For *Fleance* fled. Men must not walk too late,  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*,  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not straight,  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls  
of sleep?

Was that not nobly done? ay, and wisely too:  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well; and I do think,  
That, had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,  
(As, an't please heav'n, he shall not) they  
should find

What 'were to kill a father: so should *Fleance*.  
But, peace! — for from broad words, and cause  
he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
*Macduff* lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of *Duncan*,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the *English* court; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious *Edward* with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Mac-*  
*duff* is gone

To pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Siward*;  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work) we may again



Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody  
knives

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasperated the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to *Macduff*?

*Lord.* He did; and with an absolute,  
*Sir, not I,*

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue  
the time,

"That clogs me with this answer."

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold  
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country,  
Under a hand accurs'd!

*Lord.* I'll send my pray'rs with him.  
(*Exeunt.*)

## Act. IV.

### Scene I.

*Thunder.* Enter the three *Witches*.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig  
whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper <sup>1)</sup> cries. — 'tis time,  
'tis time.

4) Ist der Name eines Geistes,



*1 Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poison'd entrails throw. —  
'Toad, that under the cold stone,  
Days and nights, hast thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*1 Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing:  
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*3 Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf <sup>2)</sup>  
Of the ravin'd salt sea-shark;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch deliver'd by a drab;  
Make the gruel thick, and slab:  
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron <sup>3)</sup>,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*2 Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,

2) Schlund.

3) Die Eingeweide.



Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.*

*Hec.* Oh! well done! I commend your  
pains,  
And every one shall share i' the gains,  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,*

*Blue spirits and grey;*

*Mingle, mingle, mingle,*

*You that mingle may.*

*1 Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes;  
Open locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and  
midnight hags?

What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which  
you profess,

(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.

Though you untie the winds, and let them  
fight

Against the churches; though the yesty <sup>4)</sup> waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees  
blown down;

Though castles topple <sup>5)</sup> on their warders heads;

4) Gäschtig — schäumend.

5) Stürzen.



treasure

And I have had

1871-1872

from our mouths,

120112 0012 1

t me see 'em.

**eaten**

ten

(Thunder.)

—

ware *Macduff*.

Enough. (*Descends.*)

caution, thanks;

word more —

here's another,

(Thunder.)



2d Apparition, a bloody child.

*App.* *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!*

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute:  
laugh to scorn

The power of man; for none of woman born  
Shall harm *Macbeth*. (*Descends.*)

*Macb.* Then live, *Macduff*, what need  
I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of Fate <sup>6)</sup>: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is  
this? (*Thunder.*)

3d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree  
in his hand.

That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top <sup>7)</sup> of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*App.* Be lion mettled, proud; and take  
no care,

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
*Macbeth* shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great *Birnam*-wood to high *Dusinane's* hill  
Shall come against him. (*Descends.*)

*Macb.* That will never be;  
Who can impress the forest <sup>8)</sup>? bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bode-  
ments! good

Rebellious head, rise never <sup>9)</sup>, 'till the wood  
Of *Birnam* rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

6) Ich will ein Pfand vom Schicksal nehmen.

7) Den Reif und die Zierrath auf demselben.

8) Wer kann Bäume (wie Soldaten) pressen.

9) Aufruhr, dein Haupt erhebst du nie.



To time and mortal custom! — Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me (if your art  
Can tell so much), shall *Banquo's* issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:  
Why sinks that cauldron; and what noise is  
this? (*Hautboys.*)

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

*All.* Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

(*A shew of eight kings* <sup>10</sup>), and *Banquo*;  
the last with a glass in his hand.

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of  
*Banquo*; down!

Thy crown does sear <sup>11</sup>) mine eye-balls: —  
And thy air,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: —

A third is like the former: — Filthy hags!

Why do ye shew me this? — A fourth? —

Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack  
of doom?

Another yet? — A seventh? I'll see no more: —

And yet the eight appears, who bears a glass,

Which shews me many more; and some I see,

That twofold balls and treble sceptres <sup>12</sup>) carry.

10) Acht Könige erscheinen.

11) Blenden. Der Ausdruck ist von der ehemali-  
gen Gewohnheit hergenommen, daß man Ge-  
fangenen glühendes Erz vor die Augen hielt,  
und dadurch die Feuchtigkeit vertrocknete.

12) Zweifache Reichsapfel und dreifache Scepter.



Horrible sight! — now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd<sup>13)</sup> *Banquo* smiles upon  
me,

And points at them for his. — What, is this so?

<sup>1</sup> *Witch*. Ay, Sir, all this is so: — But why  
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly? —

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
And shew the best of our delights;  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique round;  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay. (*Musick*)

(*The witches dance and vanish.*)

*Macb.* Where are they? gone?

Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

*Enter Lenox.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse: — Who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Twas two or three, my lord, that  
bring you word,

*Macduff* is fled to *England*.

*Macb.* Fled to *England*?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st<sup>14)</sup> my  
dread exploits:

<sup>13)</sup> Dessen Blut aus so vielen Wunden floss, als  
Milch durch die Löcher eines Siebes fällt. —  
Blut gesiebt.

<sup>14)</sup> Du kommst zuvor — greifst ein in etc.



The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
 Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,  
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought  
 and done!

The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise;  
 Seize upon *Fife*; give to the edge o' the sword  
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like  
 a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
 But no more sights! Where are these gen-  
 tlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. (*Exeunt.*)

## Scene II.

*Enter Lady Macduff, her Son and Rosse.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make  
 him fly the land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, Madam,

*L. Macd.* He had none;

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
 Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not,  
 Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom to leave his wife, to  
 leave his babes,  
 His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
 He wants the natural touch<sup>1)</sup>: for the poor  
 wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight

<sup>1)</sup> Das natürliche Gefühl.



So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz',  
I pray you, school yourself; but, for your  
husband

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o'the season <sup>2)</sup>. I dare not speak  
much further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves <sup>3)</sup>; when we  
hold rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we  
fear <sup>4)</sup>;

But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb  
upward

To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's  
fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I  
stay longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:  
I take my leave at once. (*Exit Rosse.*)

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead;  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so  
do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear  
the net, nor lime,

2) Was sich für die Zeit schickt.

3) Ist ironisch ausgedrückt.

4) Wenn wir dem Gerüchte glauben, und doch  
nicht wissen, was wir zu fürchten haben, weil  
wir nicht wissen, wen wir beleidigen.



The pit-fall, nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds  
they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Mald.* Yes, he is dead! how wilt  
thou do for a father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty  
at any market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit;  
and yet, i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors, that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one, that does so, is a  
traitor, and must be hang'd.

*Son.* And must they all be hang'd, that  
swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are  
fools; for there are liars and swearers enough  
to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* God help thee, poor monkey!  
but how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for  
him: if you would not, it were a good sign  
that I should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler! how thou talk'st?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to  
you known,



Though in your state of honour I am perfect.  
 I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly;  
 If you will take a homely man's advice,  
 Be not found here; hence with your little ones.  
 To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
 To do worse ' ) to you, were fell cruelty,  
 Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n pre-  
 serve you!

I dare abide no longer. (*Exit Messenger.*)

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now,  
 I am in this earthly world: where to do harm  
 Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,  
 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!  
 Do I put up that womanly defence,  
 To say, I have done no harm? — What  
 are these faces?

*Enter Murtherers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
 Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg?  
 Young fry of treachery?

*Son.* He's kill'd me, mother:  
 Run away, I pray you.

(*Exit L. Macduff, crying murther.*)

### Scene III.

*England. Enter Malcolm and Macduff<sup>1)</sup>.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade,  
 and there

5) Noch schlechter handelte ich gegen euch (wenn ich nämlich euch und eure Kinder morden liefs, ohne euch zu warnen.)

1) Diese Scene ist fast buchstäblich aus der Chronik von Schottland genommen.



Weep our sad bosoms empty:

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,  
Bestride our downfal'n birthdom <sup>2</sup>): Each new  
morn,  
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new  
sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds,  
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out  
Like syllables of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and, what I can redrefs,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our  
tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd  
him well;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young;  
but something  
You may deserve of him through me: and  
wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge, but I shall crave your  
pardon;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot  
transpose <sup>3</sup>):

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows  
of grace,

Yet grace must look still so.

2) Geburtsrecht.

3) Mein Denken macht dich zu keinem andern.



*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I  
did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness 4) left you wife and  
child?

Those precious motives, those strong knots  
of love)

Without leave-taking? — I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties;— You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, pour country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee! — Wear  
thou thy wrongs —  
His title is affear'd 5). Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended;  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,  
There would be hands up-lifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious *England*, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,

4) Ohne reife Ueberlegung.

5) Sein Recht ist abgeschreckt.



That, when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,  
In evils to top *Macbeth*.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your  
daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cystem of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so  
hood-wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you to devour so many,  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this, there grows,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that were I a king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge



Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust <sup>6)</sup>, and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
*Scotland* hath foysons <sup>7)</sup> to fill up your will  
Of your mere own. All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none; the king-beco-  
ming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power,  
I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* Oh *Scotland!* *Scotland!* —

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I'm as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern?  
No, not to live. — Oh, nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal  
father

Was a most sainted king; the queen, that  
bore thee,  
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,

6) Lust, welche so heiss als der Sommer scheint.

7) Ueberflufs.



Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!  
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
 Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. Oh, my  
 breast!

Thy hope ends here.

*Mal. Macduff*, this noble passion,  
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my  
 thoughts

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish  
*Macbeth*

By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
 From over-credulous haste; but God above  
 Deal between thee and me! for even now  
 I put myself to thy direction, and  
 Unspeak my own detraction; here abjure  
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
 The devil to his fellow; and delight  
 No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking  
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,  
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men,  
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.  
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness,  
 Be like our warranted quarrel 8)! Why are  
 you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome, and unwelcome  
 things at once,  
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

8) Der Ausgang der guten Sache sey gleich un-  
 serm (eben jetzt) ausgemachten Streit.



—

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon. Comes the king  
forth I pray you?

*Doct.* Ay, Sir: there are a crew of  
wretched souls,  
That stay his cure; their malady convinces <sup>9)</sup>  
The great assay of art. But, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend. (*Exit.*)

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the Evil:  
A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in *England*,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n,  
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited  
people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange  
virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Rosse.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here!

*Mal.* My countryman <sup>10)</sup>; but yet I know  
him not.

*Macd.* My ever gentle cousin, welcome  
hither.

9) Ueberwältigt.

10) Durch den Anzug erkennt er ihn als Lands-  
mann.



*Mal.* I know him now. Good God be-  
times remove  
The means that make us strangers!

*Rosse.* Sir, *Amen.*

*Macd.* Stands *Scotland* where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas! poor country,  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where  
nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that  
rent the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sor-  
row seems

A modern <sup>11)</sup> ecstasy: the dead-man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good  
men's lives

Expire before the flowers in <sup>12)</sup> their  
caps,

Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* Oh, relation  
Too nice, and yet too true!

*Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss  
the speaker,

Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Rosse.* Why, well —

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Rosse.* Well too. —

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at  
their peace?

*Rosse.* No; they were all at peace, when  
I did leave them.

11) Kleinlich, erbärmlich.

12) Auf.



*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech;  
how goes it?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport  
the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a  
rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out,  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:  
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scot-  
land

Would create soldiers, and make women  
fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be it their comfort,  
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath  
Lent us good *Seyward* and ten thousand men;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* 'Would, I could answer  
This comfort with the like! but I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not catch them.

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief<sup>13)</sup>,  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind, that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe; though the main  
part

Pertains to you alone,

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my ton-  
gue for ever,

13) Ein besonderer Schmerz (dem allgemeinen Unglück des Vaterlandes entgegengesetzt.)



Which shall possess them with the heaviest  
sound,

That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surprizd; your  
wife, and babes,  
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry <sup>14)</sup> of these murther'd  
deer

To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heav'n! —

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your  
brows;

Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not  
speak,

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it  
break.

*Macd.* My children too? —

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that  
could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence, my  
wife kill'd too!

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children. — All my  
pretty ones?

Did you say all? — Oh, hell-kite! all?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

<sup>14)</sup> Ist ein Ausdruck, den man in der Jagd und Reigerbaitze gebraucht. Bei der Jagd bezeichnet er den Tod des Wildprets; in der Reigerbaitze das Wildprett, welches der Habicht ergriffen hat, und es nun verzehrt. (S. S. 2. Note 4.)



*Mal.* Dispute <sup>15)</sup> it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven  
look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful *Mac-*  
*duff*,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that  
I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls; Heaven rest  
them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your  
sword; let grief  
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, en-  
rage it.

*Macd.* Oh, I could play the woman with  
mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle  
Heaven,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he  
'scape,  
Heaven, forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly:  
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer  
you may;  
The night is long, that never finds the day.

15) Bekämpfe deinen Schmerz.



—  
Act. V.

Scene I.

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

*Gent.* Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation <sup>of</sup> nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, Sir, which I shall not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.*

Lo, you? here she comes! This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?



*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustom'd action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady.* Out! damned spot! out, I say — One; Two — why then 'tis time to do't — Hell is m — y<sup>1)</sup>! — Fy my lord, fy! a soldier and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady.* The *Thane of Fife* had a wife; where is she now? — what, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that; you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she hath known.

1) Sie glaubt, sie spräche mit ihrem Gemahl Macbeth, der (wie sie sich einbildet) sagt: die Hölle ist dunkel, d. i., ein schrecklicher Ort, wo man wegen einer solchen That hin muß.



*Lady.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well —

*Gent.* Pray God it be, Sir.

*Doct.* 'This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady.* Wash your hands, put on your night - gown; look not so pale — I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

(*Exit. Lady.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to-bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their  
secrets.

More needs she the divine, than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her; so good-night.



My mind she has mated <sup>2)</sup>, and amaz'd my  
sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good - night, good Doctor.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth,  
Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and  
Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The *English* power is near, led  
on by *Malcolm*,  
His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.  
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified <sup>1)</sup> man.

*Ang.* Near *Birnam* wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they  
coming.

*Cath.* Who knows if *Donalbain* be with  
his brother?

*Len.* For certain, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward's* son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great *Dunsinane* he strongly for-  
tifies;  
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate  
him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

<sup>2)</sup> Verwirrt.

<sup>1)</sup> Den Religiösen, der für die Welt abgestorben  
ist.



Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murthers sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-  
breach;

Those, he commands, move only in com-  
mand,

Nothing in love; now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the medecine of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's  
purge,

Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown  
the weeds.

Make we our march towards *Birnam*.

(*Exeunt marching.*)

### Scene III.

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let  
them fly all:

'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunsinane*,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy  
*Malcolm*?



Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that  
know  
All mortal consequence, have pronounced me  
thus:  
Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man, that's born  
of woman,  
Shall e'er have power upon thee. — Then  
fly, false *Thanes*,  
And mingle with the *English* Epicures <sup>1</sup>).  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with  
fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!

Where gotst thou that goose-look?

*Ser.* There is ten thousand —

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Ser.* Soldiers, Sir,

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red  
thy fear.

Thou lily - liver'd boy. What soldiers,  
patch 2) ?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of  
thine

1) Schon damals war die Lebensweise der Engländer, in Vergleich mit dem äusserst einfachen Leben der Schotten, epikurisch zu nennen.

2) Narr! Ist von dem vielfarbigen Rock hergenommen, welchen damals die Narren und Späsmacher der Großen trugen.



Are counsellors <sup>3)</sup> to fear. What soldiers,  
 whey-face?

*Ser.* The *English* force, so please you.

*Macb.* 'Take thy face hence — *Seyton!*

— I am sick at heart,

When I behold — *Seyton*, I say! — This  
 push

Will cheer me ever, or disseat <sup>4)</sup> me now.

I have liv'd long enough; my way <sup>5)</sup> of  
 life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of  
 friends

I must not look to have: but in their stead,

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth honour,  
 breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and  
 dare not.

*Seyton!*

*Enter Seyton.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirmed, my lord, which  
 was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, 'till from my bones my  
 flesh be hack'd;

Give me my armour.

3) Diese deine bleichen Wangen stecken die andern mit Furcht an.

4) Mich vom Sitze stoßen.

5) Johnson liest: May of life — beides giebt einen Sinn.



*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr <sup>6)</sup> the country round;

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous  
stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister unto himself.

*Macb.* Throw physick to the dogs, I'll  
none of it. —

Come, put my armour on: give me my staff;  
*Seyton*, send out. — Doctor, the *Thanes* fly  
from me —

Come, Sir, dispatch: — If thou could'st, Doc-  
tor, cast

The water <sup>7)</sup> of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I  
say. —

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,

6) So viel als scour — durchstreift.

7) Beschaue das Wasser — Mache die Krankheit  
ausfindig durch Urinbeschauen.



Would scour these *English* hence! Hear'st  
thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal  
preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me;  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
'Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunsinane*.

*Doct.* Were I from *Dunsinane* away,  
and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.  
(*Exeunt.*)

#### Scene IV.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope, the days are  
near at hand,  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Seyw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of *Birnam*.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down  
a bough,  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we  
shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sol.* It shall be done.

*Seyw.* We learn no other, but the con-  
fident tyrant  
Keeps still in *Dunsinane*, and will endure



Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope;  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the  
revolt;  
And none serve with him but constrained  
things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Seyw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we  
owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes re-  
late;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which, advance the war.

*Exeunt marching.*

### Scene V.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers,  
with drums and colours.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the out-  
ward walls,  
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them  
lie,  
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should  
be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to  
beard,



And beat them backward home. What is this  
noise? (*A cry within of women.*)

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good  
lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of  
fears:

The time has been, my senses would have  
cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,  
As life were in't. I have supt full with hor-  
rors;

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that  
cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have dy'd hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a  
word.

To morrow, and to morrow, and to mor-  
row,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more! It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing! —

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story  
quickly.



*Mes.* My gracious lord,  
I should report that which, I say I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

*Macb.* Well, say it, Sir.

*Mes.* As I did stand my watch upon the  
hill,  
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, me-  
thought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave! (*Striking him.*)

*Mes.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be  
not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it  
coming;

I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
'Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be  
sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much. —  
I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till *Birnam*  
wood

„Do come to *Dunsinane*," — and now a  
wood

Comes toward *Dunsinane*. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the state o' the world were now  
undone. —

Ring the alarum-bell, blow, wind! come,  
wrack!

At least, we'll die with harness on our back.

(*Exeunt.*)



8. YM - N

Im, Seyward,

gh ; your leavy

11

trumpets speak:  
they all breathe

*ums continued.)*

th. white soil 10 ft

me to a stake;

ward.

name?

to hear it.

thou call'st thy-



*Macb.* My name's *Macbeth*.

*Yo. Seyw.* The devil himself could not  
pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Seyw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant;  
with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

(*Fight, and young Seyward's slain.*)

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman; —  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to  
scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.  
(*Exit.*)

*Alarums. Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is: Tyrant,  
shew thy face;  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of  
mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me  
still.  
I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose  
arms  
Are hir'd to bear their slaves; either thou,  
*Macbeth*,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st  
be: —  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! and  
More I beg not. (*Exit. Alarum.*)

*Enter Malcolm and Seyward.*

*Seyw.* This way, my lord, the castle's  
gently render'd:



The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes,  
That strike beside us.

*Seyw.* Enter, Sir, the castle.

(*Exeunt. Alarum.*)

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the *Roman*  
fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the  
gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Mach.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much  
charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* My voice is in my sword; thou  
bloodier villain,  
'Than terms can give thee out. (*Fight. Alarum.*)

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour;  
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me  
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm!  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd



Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's  
womb

Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue, that  
tells me so!

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these juggling fiends no more be-  
liev'd,

That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope; I'll not fight with  
thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the shew, and gaze o' the  
time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are;  
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,  
"Here may you see the tyrant."

*Macb.* I will not yield  
To kifs the ground before young *Malcolm's*  
feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunsi-*  
*nane*,

And thou, oppos'd, being of no woman  
born,

Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on *Mac-*  
*duff*;

And damn'd be him, that first cries, *Hold,*  
*enough.*

(*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*  
*Reenter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.*)



*Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours, Malcolm, Siward, Rosse, Thanes and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would, the friends we miss,  
were safe arriv'd,

*Seyw.* Some must go off: and yet by these

I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* *Macduff* is missing, and your noble  
son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a  
soldier's debt;

He only liv'd but 'till he was a man;

The which no sooner had his prowess con-  
firm'd,

In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he dy'd.

*Seyw.* Then he is dead?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field:

your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for  
then

It hath no end.

*Seyw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Seyw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Seyw.* He's worth no more:  
They say, he parted well, and paid his  
score.



So, God be with him! — Here comes newer  
comfort.

*Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's  
head.*

*Macd.* Hail, King! for so thou art. Be-  
hold where stands  
Th' usurper's cursed head; the time is  
free:

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's  
peers,

That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine. —

Hail, King of *Scotland*!

*All.* Hail, King of *Scotland*!

(*Flourish.*)

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expence  
of time,

Before we reckon with your several loves,

And make us even with you. My *Thanes*  
and kinsmen,

Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever  
*Scotland*

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to  
do,

Which would be planted newly with the  
time,

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,

That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like  
queen,

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent  
hands



Took off her life; this, and what needful  
else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place.  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*Florish. Exeunt.*

### Erata.

Page 11 line 26. To himself two truths are told.  
As etc. read: (To himself.) Two truths are  
told. As etc.

Page 27 line 26. To his servant go etc. read: (To  
his servant.) Go etc.

Page 40 line 28. Feest, read: seest.











Shakespeare, William,

Macbeth

Erlangen 1812

P.o.angl. 368 y

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10749905-5